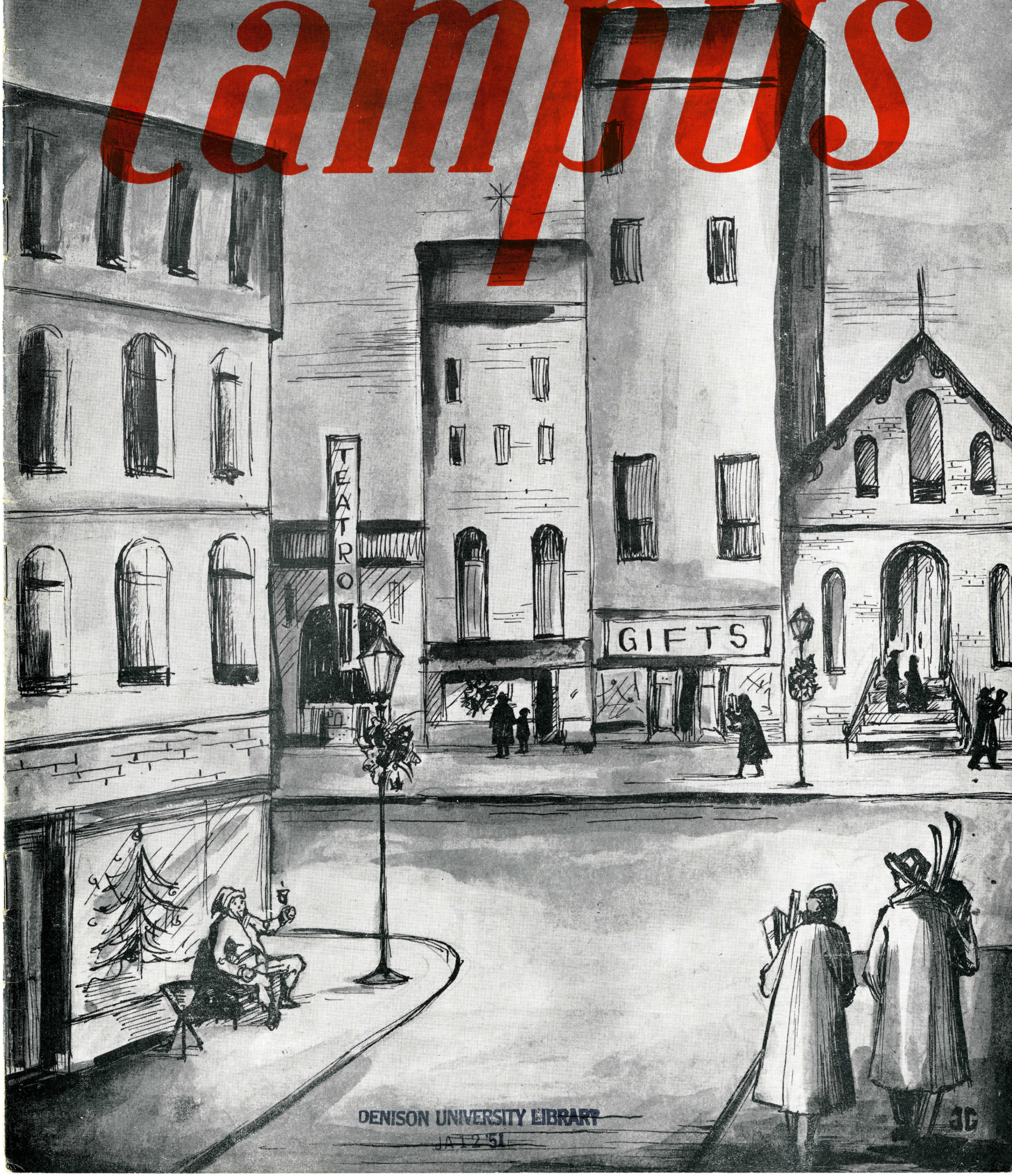


V. 5 no. 2
GALA HOLIDAY ISSUE

Campus

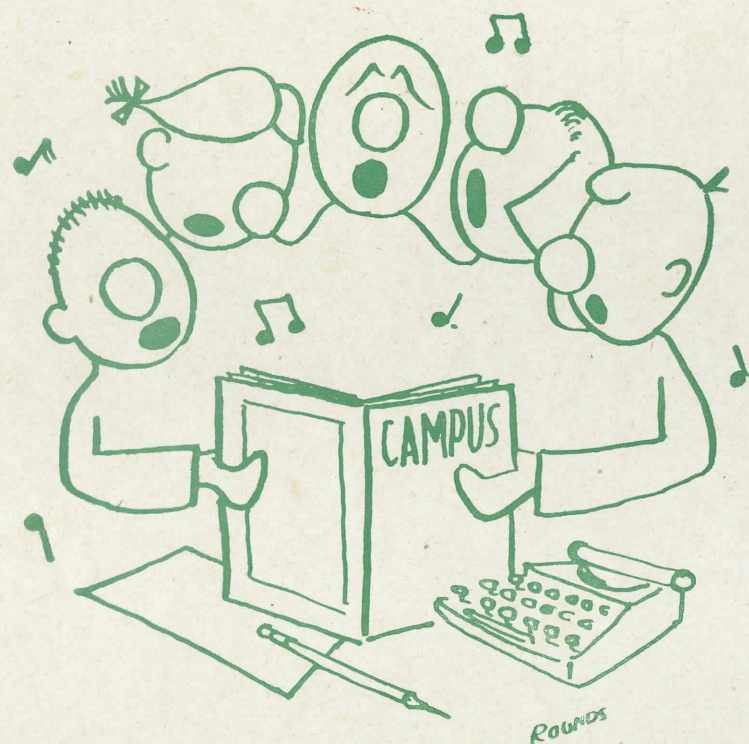


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Wishes Everyone Of You



A Merry Christmas
And
A Joyous New Year

DENISON UNIVERSITY PUBLISHES

Campus

GALA HOLIDAY ISSUE

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SKIDDING DOWN THE DRAG

Along with the glory of being an executive of a literary masterpiece of this caliber come many headaches every once in a while, but seldom is the headache a direct result of an Act of God. The particular holocaust I'm referring to is the deluge of snow that buried our fair state and adjoining vicinities several weeks ago.

Up to this particular time, the editors were busying themselves

with putting this Gala Holiday Issue to "bed," (a term often used in the newspaper biz, having no reference whatsoever to the passive morals of any individuals.)

To make a long story short, we've cut the size of this issue down to a mere twenty pages—but, oh those twenty pages.

Right smack in the middle you'll find twelve—count 'em—twelve Delectable Denison Dollies, depict-

ing each and every month in the coming New Year.

On the pages surrounding the calendar the reader will find stories both humorous and literary.

Featured in this issue is a timely account of two small boys doing a bit of light-fingered Christmas shopping. The story is by a newcomer to the pages of our publication, Miss Honnie MacDonald.

Hope you like the issue!

—KLEE

The lovely co-eds that represent the various months in our pin-up calendar are:

JANUARY . . . Miss Dee Eyton
Kappa Alpha Theta
FEBRUARY, Miss Marilyn Mead
Delta Gamma
MARCH . Miss Marilyn Graham
Alpha Phi
APRIL . Miss Barbara Peters
Kappa Alpha Theta
MAY . . . Miss Jane Crook
Delta Gamma
JUNE . Miss Kathy Whitacre
Delta Gamma
JULY . . Miss Martha Mann
Kappa Kappa Gamma
AUGUST . Miss Carole Donahey
Kappa Alpha Theta
SEPTEMBER . Miss Mary Krohn
Delta Delta Delta
OCTOBER . Miss Carol Hawkins
Alpha Omicron Pi
NOVEMBER
Miss Marilyn Cruikshank
Chi Omega
DECEMBER, Miss Peggy Malpass
Kappa Kappa Gamma

It was their first date.
"Have a cigarette?" he offered.
"No thanks," she replied. "I never smoke."

"Care for a drink?"
"Oh no, I never drink whiskey."
"Well, then, how about a beer?"
"Goodness no, it makes me sick."
"Well, let's take a ride and park some where."

"I don't believe in that. Why don't we do something exciting, something brand new and different?"

"Okay," he said between clenched teeth. "Let's go out to a dairy and milk hell out of a couple of cows!"

A Christmas Carol

. . . . A Modern Tragedy

By Jim Gould

Dramatis Personae:

MACBETH
LADY MACBETH
STALIN
GERTRUDE STEIN (A holiday guest)
ANTHONY EDEN
SANTA CLAUS
A LITTLE WAIF

The scene is a castle on the Scottish Moors. It is Christmas Eve and the Macbeth family are anxiously awaiting the arrival of Santa Claus as they are seated around the roaring fire place in the castle sitting room. A wolf's howl can be heard from the moors without.

Act I

Macbeth—'Tis a braugh moon-light nicht without.
Lady Mac.—(to herself) Dirty ham!

(aloud to Macbeth) Throw some more books on the fire. It's colder than hell in here.

Macbeth—Have at thee, woman, and thy sharp tongue. (He throws some more books on the fire and surreptitiously drops three evil-looking pills into Lady Macbeth's drink.)

(Enter Miss Stein)

Miss Stein—(Gaily) 'Tis Christmas, Christmas Christmas, tender, warm, warm, tender, Christmas on the fertile, brooding earth.

Macbeth—(To himself) Oh gawd!

Lady Mac.—Mac, bring out another flagon flagon glagon . . . dammit . . . bring Mis Stein a drink.

Macbeth leaves, angrily cutting at the holly with his sword. A chorus sings "Red Sails in the Sunset" and Stalin enters, disguised as MacDuff. He is warmly embraced by Lady Macbeth and Miss Stein respectively. He retires to a corner of the room where he begins sticking long, evil-looking pins into an effigy of H.S.T.

Act II

Enter Santa Claus, mouthing terrible oaths as he sprains his back coming down the great chimney. A small shabbily attired waif with great, blue eyes and a running nose appears from nowhere, hopefully extending her hands towards Santa who hands her a blackened potato. She skips gaily around the room singing "Deck the Halls" in a plaintive voice. All are visibly touched. Stalin looks up, momentarily interested as he notices Santa's red garb, and then continues with his pin-sticking. Enter Anothony Eden, disguised as a North Korean soldier. He walks over to Stalin and presents him with a gaily wrapped package which makes an ominous ticking sound. Stalin embraces him and he leaves with Santa, up the chim-

Act III

The scene is on the moors four or five miles away from the castle. There is snow on the ground leading up to a little knoll where the little waif has joined three old witches for a fourth in bridge. Miss Stein's ghost hovers above.

Ghost—A ghost is a ghost is a ghost is a ghost.

Miss Stein's ghost is joined with the ghosts of Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Stalin, and by the squad of soldiers who again lead the little waif away. The three witches run in fright and the four ghosts take up the cards and continue the game. A wolf howls nearby.



MORE SINNED AGAINST

By Honnie MacDonald

Mac was being smashed back into the corner of the elevator, but he didn't mind the enormous wooly backside pressed against his nose or the sharp package being ground into his shoulder. His mind was fondling the electric train that he had just seen. His dirty hands in the big roomy pockets curved to pick up the coal car with real pieces of coal. He heard the hollow whistle and saw the red light on the crossroad flash on and off as the train rushed by. He saw the dozens of tiny cattle and sheep that the clerk had dumped out of the box cars. His finger moved to press the button that would raise the bridge, and he moaned in ecstasy. The wooly coat scraped his nose and the lady in it looked down at him over her shoulder.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Can you breathe way down there?"

"Yeah," and "thanks," because he was so elated. The lady turned back and moved a little forward. Mac saw a little corner of brown leather sticking out of her pocket. He glanced around without moving his head; no one could see down into his little dark corner. The elevator girl called "Main Floor" and swung open the gates. As everybody started shoving out, Mac bumped against the lady, pulled out the wallet and put both hands back in his pockets. This one was thicker than the one in his other pocket.

He walked by the glove counter and thought of Ma's hands, either puckered from being in water too long, or raw because of no protection from the elements. There were not enough customers flanking this counter to make it worth his while, but from habit, he glanced around for the detectives. He was startled to see the one with the umbrella standing a few yards away, openly watching him.

"Jesus," he exclaimed out loud. His forehead puckered and he fingered the two wallets. "If it's much I will and if it ain't I won't," he decalred to himself, saying the two last words out loud.

He turned around and went into a room marked "Men." He waited for the occupant in the closed toilet to come out and then he went inside. He locked the door and

pulled down the seat and the cover. Then he pulled out the two wallets and put the fatter of them on the seat. He opened the other and drew out the bills—a five and three ones.

"Christ, he must have a charge account. He hadn't bought nothing yet." He put the money back in the wallet and put it in his pocket.

Then with a whispered "O.K., now!" he opened the other money case and pulled out the bills.

"Five, ten, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one. Christ, it's all ones." His lips moved silently and came up with "twenty-nine." He frowned and stuffed the money and wallet into his other pocket. He flushed the toilet and unbuttoned his coat. He was buttoning it back up as he stepped out of the stall, but no one was watching. He went back out into the shoving persistant crowd and moved toward the street door.

It was almost dark outside, and the snow on the sidewalk was slushy and filthy. But the fresh snow coming down was clean and tickly and he lifted his face into it. Keeping his hands in his pockets to protect both them and the money, he walked quickly.

This was Mac's favorite time of year. He had never owned enough clothes to keep completely warm, but it was an exciting season and he didn't notice the cold. When January came and the crowds were thinner and ordinary, then he knew he would mind the snow down his neck and inside his shoes. But not now. Now he could hear bells ringing and see the Salvation Army people and the men dressed as Santa Claus. Everybody was rushing—rushing to buy presents or rushing home to a pretty warm house, or to buy a Christmas tree or to have something hot to eat. Mac thought of the electric train and he stopped in the middle of the sidewalk.

"Whoever gets it better like it." He did not feel bitter. He had never imagined that the train might be his; he knew that some rich little boy would get it and that was right. Rich people always got all the nice things. That's the way things were. It had never occurred

to Mac that it should be any different.

He turned into a ten-cent store and breathed the good smell. Cheap candy and furry animals, new cloth and tooth paste, perfume and people. He walked slowly, looking at everything—everything that he had seen every day for weeks. In just a few days Christmas would be here and then it would be gone and the excitement would be over. He tried to make his walk last forever and to make his eyes see everything. He walked by the glove counter and became instantly alert. There were a great many women here, all tumbling gloves about, trying them on, shuffling through the big pile.

There was no detectives here and he felt more at ease than in the big department store. He peeked through two women and saw a pair of bright green ones. He poked a hand through and picked up the green gloves. The woman on his left looked down at the grimy hand, and then looked back at the pile of gloves. Mac pretended to examine them, all the time glancing over the crowd, waiting for a good moment. Then in a flash, the gloves were in his pocket and he moved away from the counter.

He stopped at the toy counter and gazed in rapture—rapture as great as the first day all these toys had been brought out. There were still three dolls left and the one in the pink dress was in the front. He picked her up for the hundredth time. Little Pat was expecting this doll. He had started talking about it three weeks ago when it had first appeared. Little Pat could scarcely contain herself; she knew by the way Mac teased her that she was really going to get it. Mac told her that the doll was broken, that it had been sold, that its dress had been torn off. Pat cried and shrieked because she knew Mac expected her to.

But here was the doll, whole and beautiful, and Mac reached down in his pocket. He had to pay for her—she was too big to fit in his pocket. He hesitated and looked again at the price tag. All that just for a doll! But it was getting late and tomorrow the doll might be gone. Ma would be furious and

Pa probably would cry, but Little Pat had to have her doll.

He struggled with his pocket, peering down into it, screwing his body around so he could find what he was looking for. He could not give the clerk a five dollar bill—that was too risky. Finally, he got together four one dollar bills and called the clerk. She took the doll, wrapped it, handed back the package and a nickel.

Mac loitered near the toy cars but finally pulled himself away and started for home. He was hungry but he tried not to think about it. Instead he looked in all the windows, at displays he had seen every day for three or more weeks. But they were all just as wonderful as ever, and he reached home in high spirits.

He ran up the three flights and pushed open the door. He saw the same dull old scene, but he was glad to. He was happy about his presents and still stirred up about the train.

Ma was ironing clothes, his little sister and brother were fighting on

the floor, Jerry was getting out the plates and the forks and Pa was asleep on the bed.

"Hello, dear, are you all wet? It's awful out, ain't it? What you got in that package? How'd you do today?" Ma smiled across at her oldest son, but she did not stop ironing, even when she looked up. "A surprise, and twenty-five dollars. I couldn't do nothing today. That old detective saw me and I had to be careful."

"He didn't see you taking nothing, did he? Twenty-five dollars! That's better'n you been doing most of the time. What do you mean a surprise? What is it?"

Mac went over to her, opened the bag and held it open for her to see. She looked down into it and squealed in delight.

"Oh, Mac, how beautiful! What a swell big brother. But Mac—in a bag, Mac, did you buy it?"

"I had to, Ma, it was so big. Now don't say nothing—it wasn't much. Please, Ma, it's a surprise."

"But Mac, I know you was going to get one, but I didn't know you

was going to buy it. How much was it?"

"Aw, Ma, not much, just a couple a dollars. I had to, Ma."

"Well, O.K. It's done. But I hope you ain't going to do nothin' more like that, son. We won't tell Pa. You going tomorrow, Mac? I hate to see you, but it's the last day before Christmas. And Mac, you better take Jerry. He ain't been for a long time."

"Aw, Ma, he's too little. You know he shouldn't. He'll get caught, and besides I'm doing O.K. We ain't starving, and one of us is enough. Let him stay home. I can do it alone."

"He, he's got to learn, Mac. He's a big boy, now, and he's old enough to be helping out. You was littler than him when you started."

"Aw, Christ, he's too little." Mac's eyes filled and he went over to the window. His mother put down the iron and went over to him.

"I know what you're thinking, Mac. You don't want him to do it and neither do I. I hate you to do



it. But I can't, and your Pa can't, and we got to eat. Washing don't bring much. He'll be all right. He'll be careful."

Mac did not answer and she left him to go back to her ironing. He took off his wet coat, put the doll on a chair, threw the coat over it, and went over to the two little children.

Ma looked down at the three of them, and at Jerry standing by the table. Mac, skinny and too wise for a ten year old; Little Pat and Ben, just walking, and Jerry, still a little boy, in a ragged shirt that had been Mac's. She looked at Pa, whose one leg drooped over the side of the bed—and she looked across the room at the three baskets full of clean laundry. She pressed her lips hard together and went on ironing. Someone somewhere in the building was singing "Joy to the World, the Lord is come."

The next morning Mac was wakened by Jerry's shrill excited squealing.

"And, Ma, I'll get you a gold watch and a beautiful dress and some gold shoes and I'll get Pa some crutches and Little Pat a doll with real gold—"

"Now stop, Jerry. I told you before you can't get stuff like that there. There wouldn't be no place to put it or sell it. Just stuff no one'll see, or money. Get up, Mac, and take Jerry before he drives me looney." Ma picked up Mac's coat from the chair and shook it. "I got the money out last night. Look at them pictures I found in one of them. Little girl looks just like Little Pat. Pretty missus, too."

"Go wash your face and hands, Jerry. You got to be clean, else the cops'll get curious. Christ, Ma, does he hafta come?" Mac looked at his mother in agony.

"Yes. Now drink your coffee. There's bread under that napkin." Ma did not dare glance at Mac, but kept looking down at her ironing.

Later in the morning, Mac stopped Jerry in front of a theater, and they both examined the pictures of the coming attractions.

"This is good, sometimes," he explained, trying to forget he was talking to his little brother. "Specially when it's raining. Then the people are all crowded together and don't mind being bumped. You gotta be fast and then get away. Duck down a' alley, but never run. Remember that. Don't git scared or they'll suspect you quick."

They went on down the street and gradually Mac warmed to his subject. He knew a lot about it and he found he knew more angles than he had been aware of knowing. Jerry was listening in awe, letting his brother talk on and on. Mac pointed out the policemen, the ones who knew him and those who did not. He showed Jerry places of interest.

"I frisked a guy there for seventy-five bucks. We had chicken that night and Ma and Pa acted silly."

"That cop saw me lift a string of beads for Ma in that store and chased me for three blocks, so I threw the things in an old can on the way and let him catch me. And when I went back, the damn beads was broke."

"That corner's always good when the stores let out. There's always people waiting for the buses. But you can't go to the same place very often, naturally," he said, condescendingly.

Jerry nodded in agreement and smiled a baby smile at Mac. The old timer did not smile back but tried to give a look of boredom, a this-is-just-a-waste-of-time-talking -to-a-kid look. Mac had unconsciously begun to swagger and threw his arms about in grand gestures. "Here I done this" and "There I done that." He was no longer reticent about telling these things to Jerry. He was well pleased with himself and felt that the little boy could not have had a better teacher. The apprentice admired and praised, and Mac felt good.

He felt so confident that when he went into the department store he neglected to keep an eye out for the detective. But this gentleman was doing his duty and muttered "Hm" when he noticed the two small boys in their ragged, ill-fitting coats. He was a kind policeman and he purposely never paid much attention to Mac, knowing he never took expensive things. He had been told a number of times to watch for pick-pockets, but his real job was to watch the merchandise. Pick-pockets were a little out of his line. But today he was in trouble. Three diamond rings had been stolen this week and no one had been picked up. He did not for a minute consider that Mac had taken them, but it occurred to him that he might get a Christmas bonus if he caught Mac with any stolen goods—even a jar of candy or a handkerchief. So he stayed well behind the boys and devoted him-

self to them, in hope of seeing something suspicious.

After a few minutes of the chase, the detective became puzzled. The boys had not spied him, he knew, and yet they were acting perfectly natural. The boy he knew, Mac, was apparently pointing out objects to the smaller boy, and the two of them were having a very earnest conversation. They were not looking for crowded counters or going near the knick-knack department, a favorite with petty thieves. Instead they got in an elevator and left behind a very perplexed detective, who, however, was not bewildered enough to forget himself and his duty. He stationed himself around a pillar, where he could see the boys when they returned.

Mac took Jerry to the floor with the toy display, to show him the wonders of that world. On the way up, Mac softly poked Jerry on the arm and putting his finger on his lips, he motioned Jerry to be quiet and to watch.

He deftly extracted a billfold from the pocket of the person standing near his right hand. "Toys" the operator called, and Mac and Jerry got off.

"We'll have to hurry," Mac warned. "It's usually better to do that on the way down, just when you're leaving the store. Then they haven't no time to call the cops before you're out of the store."

"How much money is there in it?" Jerry inquired, quivering with awe.

"We can't look till we get home. Somebody might see. Here you take it, Jerry. You might's well be of some use."

The train was still there and the boys stayed longer than they had meant to. The detective was getting restless and beginning to wonder if he shouldn't move to some other station or walk around. But just then the elevator slammed open and the two little boys came out, both looking animated and talking excitedly.

He followed them for a minute or two and then called, "Kids!"

Mac turned and looked into the face of the approaching man. The expression on his face did not alter, but he whispered to Jerry to "Get away—go home—quick!"

The detective could not see this motion on Mac's face but he saw the little boy turn around and keep going, walking right out the door. Mac was the one he wanted and he paid no more attention to the vanishing accomplice, only frowned slightly. (Continued Page 14)

Campus Calendar Queens For Christmas

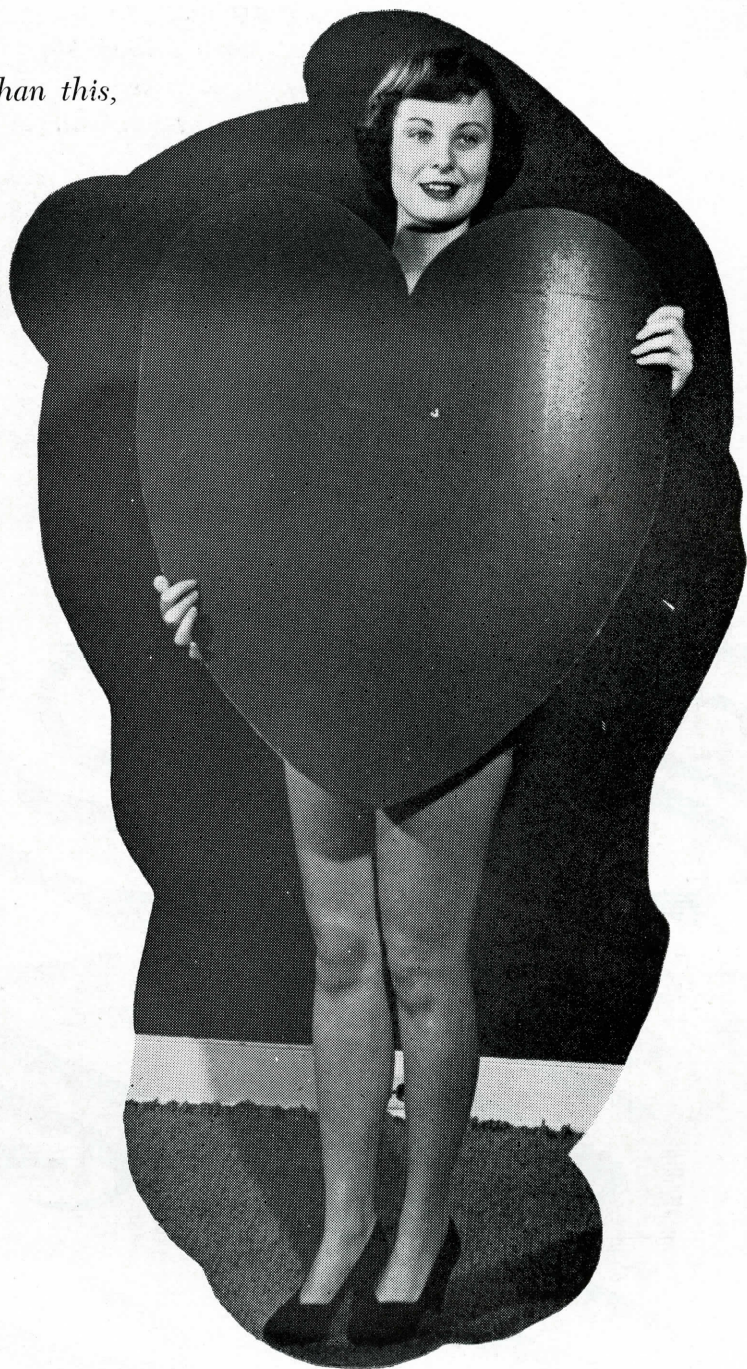
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN TRIMBLE

POETRY BY LYNN OLWIN

*In February, winds that blow
Are frigid, so I'm told.
If our sweet miss wears less than this,
She'll surely catch a cold.*



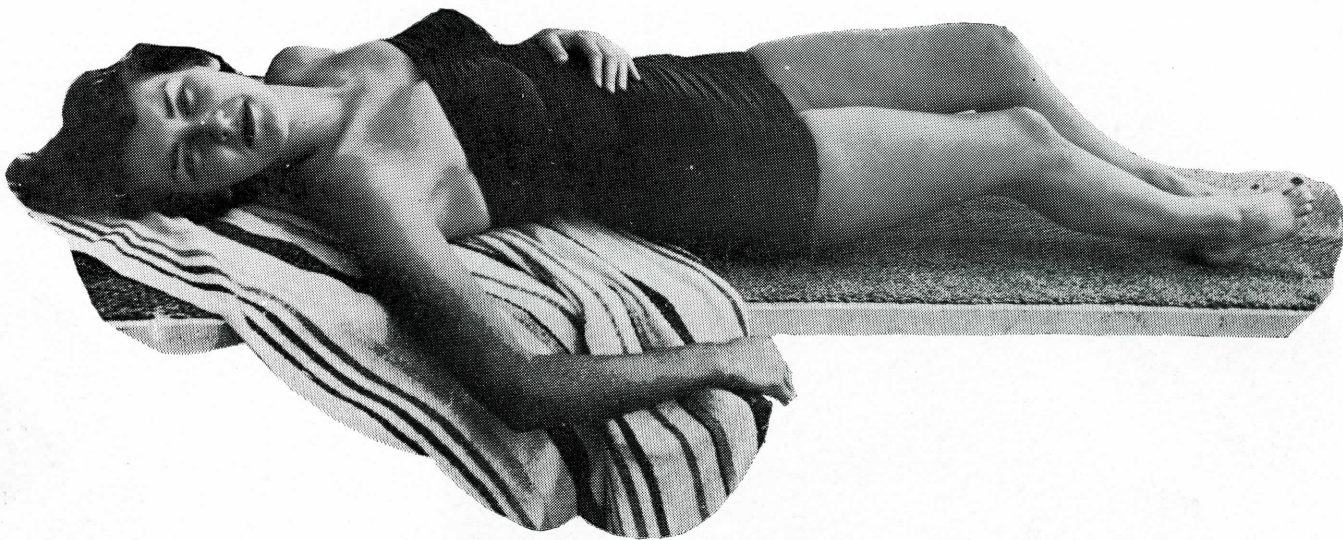
*Now January marks the time
Of old year's dissolution
So why not make this pretty miss
Your new year's resolution?*



*Along toward the end of March
Sweet Spring awaits resplendent.
Note, when your income tax you pay,
That here's a nice dependant.*



*Though April's balmy breezes blow,
This lassie's mind's on school.
She knows exams are coming up
And she's no April fool.*



*In May the sun shines bright and warm,
The days with pleasure brimming.
What matters if she dives or not,
She keeps men's heads a-swimming.*



*June marks the end of books and such,
No school bells now are ringing,
And you can find no fairer gal,
Her praises loud we're singing!*



*Though fire crackers on the Fourth
May interrupt our slumber,
The fifth, or sixth, or any date
Will suit for this cute number*

*When August days get damp and hot
She's going for a sail.
An expert sailor? Maybe not,
So will you help her bail?*





*September with its foolball games
Brings noise to split the ears.
But our sweetie in the sweater
Is enough to get our cheers.*

*October causes all the leaves
To flutter fast and free.
But this bundle fell from Heaven
And not from any tree.*



*'Mongst parties, dances, and such things,
November brings Thanksgiving.
If this cute gal should glance your way,
Give thanks, young man, you're living.*



*So ends another busy year,
And youthful New Year's knocking.
I would please a man most anywhere
To find this in his stocking-*

More Sinned Against

"Well, young man, how's business?"

"Great. Ma gets seven washes a week and I deliver groceries. What's it to you?"

"Just wondered. That stuff in your pockets going to help your mother out? Let's see, kid. Empty them."

"I ain't got nothin'. I just been looking at the trains."

"Yeah, and swiping things in between. O.K., kid, let's see." He stuck his hand into first one pocket, then the other. The second netted a cheap pen and pencil combination and a little gold pencil sharpener.

"Nothing, huh? What's your name, kid?"

"Mac."

"O.K., Mac, we're going home. You take me there. I'm not going to turn you in this time, either. This stuff isn't as bad as the stuff you took the other time. But I'm going to warn your parents and next time I will take you in. Let's go."

Mac was furious, but he was more scared. He was younger than he liked to think and this man was pretty frightening. The detective got his coat and then they went outside and Mac led the way to his apartment building.

He hoped Jerry wouldn't be there. He didn't mind lying or even being caught stealing, but he did not want Jerry to be. He thought of the wallet in Jerry's pocket and shuddered. What if Jerry said something? Mac noticed the cold for the first time in days, and began to shiver violently.

The man beside him looked down at the shaking, miserable little boy. "You know, Mac, I'm inclined to think I will turn you in. They'll give you something warm to wear and you'll have enough to eat. And they'll talk you out of this stealing if they can—if it's not too late. What would you think of that? It'd be fun, I bet."

"Aw, shut up. You ain't got nothing on me. You can't do nothing to me."

The detective said no more but followed Mac up the three flights of stairs and to a door with no handle.

Mac pushed the door open and stopped, horrified. Jerry still had his coat and cap on and Ma and he were going through the contents of the wallet. Ma's hand froze when she looked up and Jerry just

looked surprised and pleased with himself.

"Well, so the young one's in the same business. Scuse me, Ma'am, mind if I look at this?" He went up to the table and picked up a card. "James Lewis Hunt, 18045 Ryden Road. That's not you or this address. Your big brother show you how to get this, sonny?" He looked down at Jerry, who was getting white and frightened now.

"Naw, I done it!" Mac screamed. "I took it and just let him carry it. He didn't have nothing to do with it. Leave him be. He didn't even see me do it." The tears were running down his cheeks. "Ma, tell him I done it. Jerry didn't do it. Ma, I done it."

"All right, Mac, cut the tears off. I know who did it. Jerry's O.K." The detective looked around the room. Ma was holding Jerry against her body and had turned white herself. She stared at the man, not moving. Little Pat and Ben were on the floor, staring in delight at the visitor. Pa had dragged himself to a half sitting position on the bed and was looking in bewilderment at Mac and the detective.

"I'm going to take your boy this time, Ma'am. I should have before; he'd be better off. He'll go to school with other boys and they'll teach him how to make things, and why he shouldn't steal."

Ma shook her head helplessly and her lips were taut against her teeth.

"Bastard!" Mac spat out, attempting defiance and succeeding only in choking.

"He'll like it there after a time, so don't you worry about him. You can see him at the detention home for the next couple of days, if you want to. After that, some one will let you know where he is. He'll be better off, Ma'am. I'm sorry, but I have no choice. Come on, Mac. They can come to see you if you want them to."

Mac had stopped crying and was standing very quietly, waiting for the speech to end. He had one thing he had to say.

"Jerry can't do it, Ma. Don't make him. He don't know how. Don't make him. I'll get out and come back, don't worry. But Jerry's too little, Ma. Pa, don't let him." The tears had started again and Mac reached for his mother. She drew him to her and whispered comforting, motherly things to him. Then the detective gathered up the contents of the wallet, took Mac's arm, and they went out the door.

A WEAK LINK IN OUR DAISY CHAIN



Affable "Chuck" Travis, the man of many jokes, is serving a successful term as Business Manager of "Campus." "C. T.," who won fame and fortune (?) as one-half the team of Matthews and Travis, hails from the furniture center of the world, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Chuck, a senior member of Sigma Chi, has worked hard for the school, his class, and his fraternity. As a frosh, he was the hit of the Varsity Dollar show, and last year was Junior Class Social Chairman. Chuck was elected to Blue Key last year, and it is rumored that he kept the Sigs slightly hysterical while he served a term as recording secretary.

Like all good Business Managers, "C. T." has suddenly acquired a new car, but he denies responsibility for the lack of pages in the last few issues, stating that the "sudden set of wheels" can be attributed to the furniture business that he hopes someday to steal from the "old man."

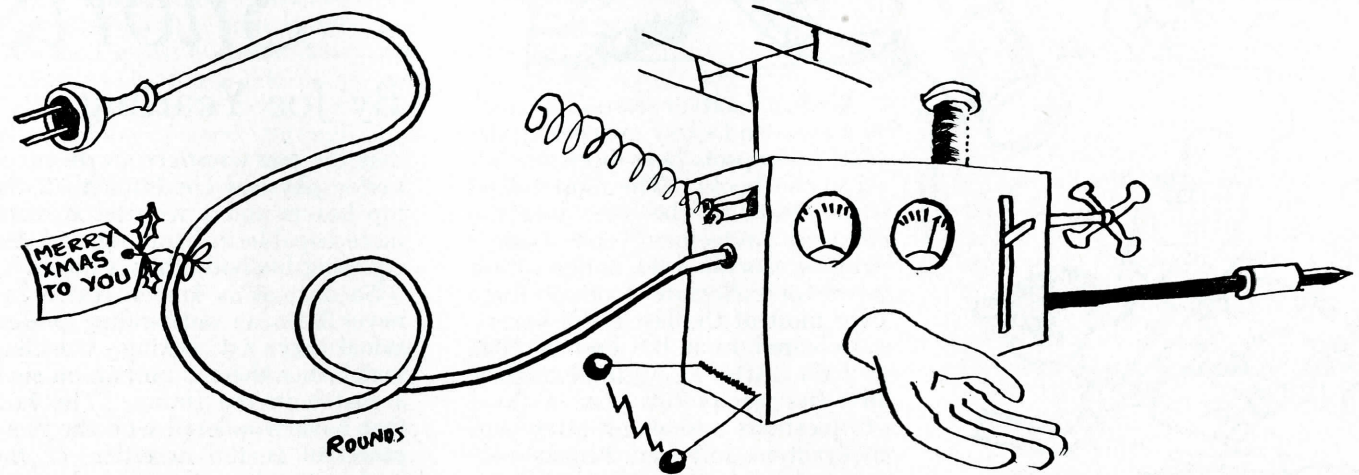
One of Doc Crocker's "boys," Chuck claims that he spends ninety hours a week on the books, and that his only form of relaxation is the Thursday night meeting of Theta Eta Chi.

His mother stood quite still, staring at the closed door. Pa sank

(Continued Page 20)

Shopping Guide For Christmas

By Barrie Bedell and John Hodges



"... And a Lucky Tiger calendar for my roommate ... Hey, Barrie, what are you going to give for Christmas presents this year? Frankly, I'm stumped."

"It's got me floored too, John. I've been in every pawn shop in Columbus and still haven't found a thing."

"Why don't we check the shopping guides? They ought to give us some sort of a clue."

Time out for a short one between acts. Thirty-seven days later.

"... Anyhow I can still get a Lucky Tiger calendar girl for my roommate. By gosh, Bedell, those lousy shopping guides don't have anything like the right sort of things to give to college kids."

"I'll bet plenty of other kids are in the same boat. Hey! Why don't we compile our own guide?"

After considerable research and thirty-seven days later:

As the first annual *Bedell and Hodges Collegian Gift List* hits the streets, we find several items soaring to the top in popularity. For ease in reference we have classified this list according to donors and donees. In order to accommodate the majority of college students across America, we will first consider appropriate presents for pinned men and women.

The chained male has an exceptionally fine range of items from which to choose. For example, a nifty little item that has always been a hit is one of those countless

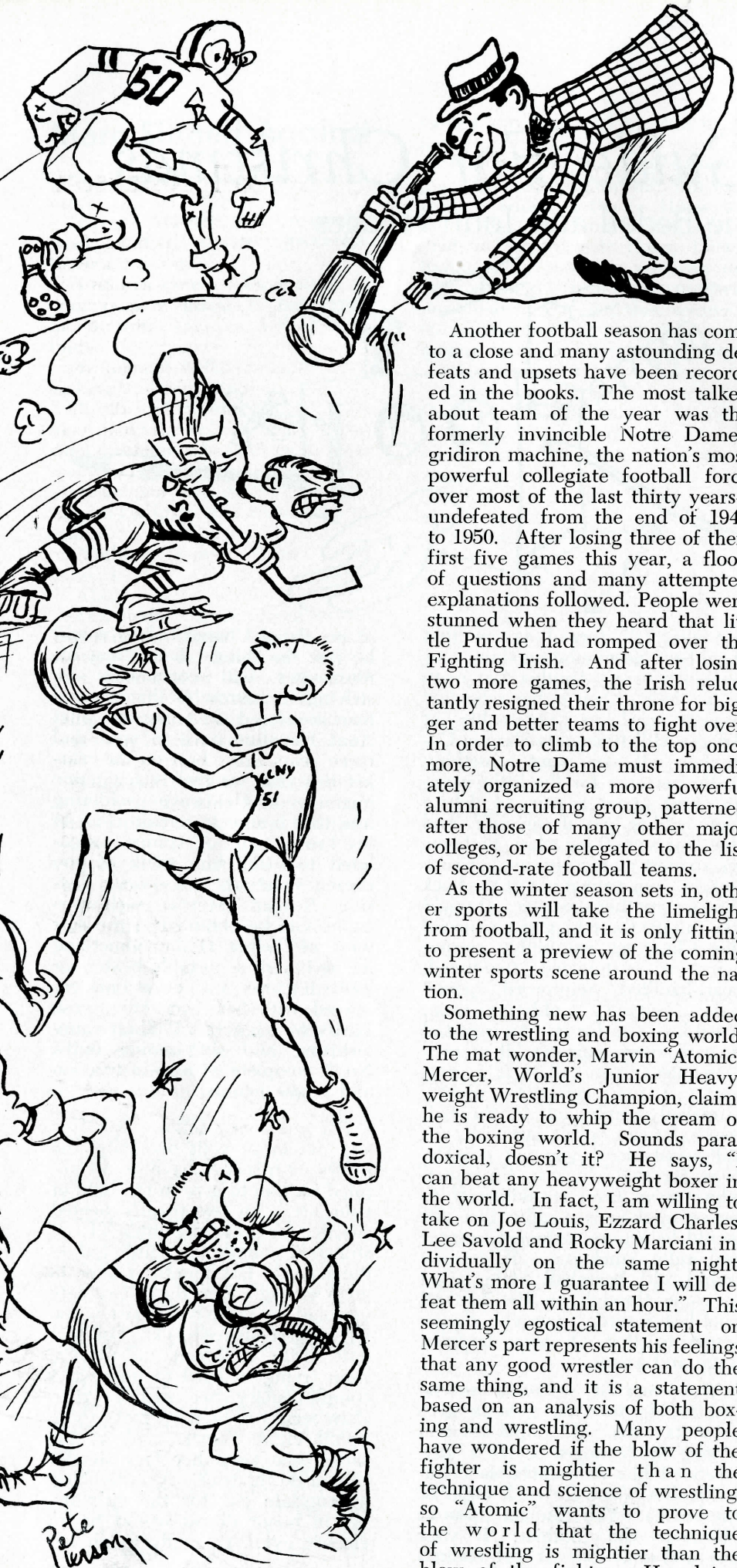
left-over fall formal favors that have been accumulating since your freshman year. Another fast mover is a hair ribbon in her school or sorority colors, obtainable at Adam's Mill Remnants Shop in Columbus. If you want something really personal for the little woman, how about a pair of deluxe foam rubber "gay deceivers"? And then for something close to home we suggest giving her enough cash to keep your trinket out of the hock shop for another semester. If you'd like to give something extra special this Christmas we highly recommend a customized two-toned, pearl-handled, reinforced, pencil type Heatwave soldering iron. She'll love you for it. An essential item in every woman's kit or sack or whatever you call it, is a compact. A few compacts, slightly tarnished samples left by the Balfour salesman on his last visit, are still available if you act quickly. Now for that chick in Cincinnati who you've been sneaking off to see on week-ends, a rather nice gift would be a pure cashmere sweater and ruby lapel pin. If, heaven forbid, old Borsehall State failed to come through on the football pool last Saturday, you can always resort to that all time favorite, hugs and kisses.

This year it is going to be fashionable for the girls to give presents, too. A popular item among the younger set is a gift-wrapped box of detachable celluloid collars (one for each night of the week). You can get these at Hormone the Clothier. If your one and only doesn't get enough sleep on Monday mornings, a set

of pre-dated Chapel tickets would be just the thing. Something his roommates will continually be striving to borrow is that unused fuschia-colored knit necktie that Aunt Esmaline gave to your dad three years ago. Best on the market this year we feel is a genuine guaranteed Heatwave soldering iron that is sure to remain close to his heart, too! A volume calculated to make him think of you during vacations is *Esquire's Bed-side Reader*. Several well-worn copies can be obtained in the east wing of Talbot Hall. Something in the line of a portable heater for football games is a pocket flask engraved with his fraternity crest. Lastly we suggest a Philbert counterfitting and slug-casting outfit No. 2, complete with an instruction and repair manual.

For you lucky fellows still free and master of your own fate, the following treasures have been compiled for you to give to the light of your life. An electrically heated sweater for that frost-bitten (I can still show you the scar) little girl on the hayride last month is sure to go over big. For the blind date you had on the hayride last week, we suggest an ice pack. For that cute little freshman girl you've been trying so hard to impress, a complimentary two month's rickshaw service to help her make those uphill eight o'clocks and at the same time keep her legs slender should do the trick. A particularly appropriate gift for the girls living in honor dorms would be an electric eye. To really touch her

(Continued Page 20)



Another football season has come to a close and many astounding defeats and upsets have been recorded in the books. The most talked about team of the year was the formerly invincible Notre Dame's gridiron machine, the nation's most powerful collegiate football force over most of the last thirty years—undefeated from the end of 1945 to 1950. After losing three of their first five games this year, a flood of questions and many attempted explanations followed. People were stunned when they heard that little Purdue had romped over the Fighting Irish. And after losing two more games, the Irish reluctantly resigned their throne for bigger and better teams to fight over. In order to climb to the top once more, Notre Dame must immediately organize a more powerful alumni recruiting group, patterned after those of many other major colleges, or be relegated to the list of second-rate football teams.

As the winter season sets in, other sports will take the limelight from football, and it is only fitting to present a preview of the coming winter sports scene around the nation.

Something new has been added to the wrestling and boxing world. The mat wonder, Marvin "Atomic" Mercer, World's Junior Heavyweight Wrestling Champion, claims he is ready to whip the cream of the boxing world. Sounds paradoxical, doesn't it? He says, "I can beat any heavyweight boxer in the world. In fact, I am willing to take on Joe Louis, Ezzard Charles, Lee Savold and Rocky Marciani individually on the same night. What's more I guarantee I will defeat them all within an hour." This seemingly egotistical statement on Mercer's part represents his feelings that any good wrestler can do the same thing, and it is a statement based on an analysis of both boxing and wrestling. Many people have wondered if the blow of the fighter is mightier than the technique and science of wrestling, so "Atomic" wants to prove to the world that the technique of wrestling is mightier than the blow of the fighter. He claims

Sport Shorts

By Joe Yearling

that the top wrestlers are in much better physical condition than the top boxers and a wrestler is much more capable in handling and disciplining his body than a boxer.

So far as is known there has never been an outstanding professional mixed boxing-wrestling match, but there is no ban on such a match in the future. The fans that have wondered who the more powerful is—the wrestler or the boxer—may have their wonderment fulfilled soon.

Given a tremendous lift by virtue of the first all-U.S. Stanley Cup final since 1943, hockey interest in this country figures to be at an all-time high this winter. Although public interest in the past has never reached a peak, the sport merits some discussion here.

"Terrible" Ted Lindsay stands out as hockey's No. 1 man. Being a veteran with his ice skates and hockey stick, it's going to be rough sledding for anybody to surpass Lindsay. He stick-handles like magic, and his shooting aim and blistering shot long ago earned healthy respect from opposing goalers. Lindsay is a member of the Detroit Red Wings and was an important factor in assisting the Red Wings to walk away with the National Hockey League Championship last year. Thrills and spills are again a dime a dozen as the puck-chasing sport starts a new season.

Basketball, of course, will hold the public eye more than any other sport during the winter season. This season promises to be the most thrilling for many a year. A basketball expert for the *New York Times* picks the following teams to be among the nation's top ten:

1. City College of New York.
2. Bradley.
3. Kentucky.
4. Western Kentucky.
5. Bowling Green.
6. North Carolina State.
7. Brigham Young.
8. Iowa.
9. Long Island University.
10. Arizona.

(Continued Page 19)

Lost Christmas

By Sally Gleason

Her greenish eyes observed the "NO SMOKING" sign briefly before she flipped it upside down and sauntered into the dorm phone booth, cigarette in hand. An envious flurry passed through the waiting three, and they giggled obediently. Lou was marvelous. She didn't give a hoot for any school rule in existence. Wouldn't it be terrific to have her nerve?

Inside the tiny cubicle, Lou began to feel a little sick. The hot, sweetish air pushed against her face and chest, and she coughed, looking distastefully at her cigarette. Resolutely, she took a deep drag and dialed long distance. Waiting for her connection to New York, Lou twisted a strand of long blond hair savagely. How had she gotten into this mess, anyway? Her head was beginning to ache as she dimly remembered the juke box at Rocky's blaring "Bonaparte's Retreat" last night when she'd promised Rick Hamilton she'd spend Christmas vacation at his house-party, with four other couples. If you dated Rick Hamilton, you couldn't be the kind of a girl whose parents had a say in what you did! She remembered Rick's black eyes staring at her strangely for a minute, and then his hand finding her knee under the table as he laughed, and said, "That's my girl, Lou!" She's felt like clawing his fingers away, but you didn't act like a saint when you were Lou Pelham—especially when you were Lou Pelham out with Rick Hamilton, the slick, the famous.

Anyway, Lou was dying to go to his party. Nineteen Christmases—at home were plenty for her. She wanted a change—although, she reflected, Christmases at the Pelham's weren't as bad as most. None of this sickening "giving is more blessed than receiving" stuff—no sentimental caroling or awkward home-made presents. The Pelhams made lists of their wants and posted them after Thanksgiving. It was a sacrilege to deviate from these lists when gift-buying. Yes, her family was very progressive, Lou thought, but were they progressive enough to swallow this? She yanked her hair nervously.

A telephone hummed tactfully 700 miles away.

"Yes?" The voice was vague and cool, not unlike Lou's own. In the

background, she heard the mingled sounds of one of the Pelham's discreetly ribald parties—glasses clinking, voices a little too loud, sensuous music. She said carefully to her mother, "Hello, Clarice," as her modern upbringing dictated.

"Louella, dear."

(God, how she hated that name!)

"Clarice—" her words came in a rush, now. "Rick Hamilton wants me to stay at his house for Christmas vacation. He's having loads of people, and it'll be so wonderful. D'you mind?"

There was a long pause. The background noises increased. Someone was shouting, and a glass crashed. Lou thought agonizingly, "She'll never let me go. She doesn't even know who Rick Hamilton is. Besides, mothers always want their kids home for Christmas." Suddenly, she wanted to go to Rick's party more than she had ever wanted anything else.

"Please Clarice."

The clamor at the Pelham's died away. The cool voice returned, still vague, but clearer now.

"I'm sorry, darling. I couldn't hear a thing you said."

Straining the exasperation from her voice, Lou repeated, and waited.

"I guess it's all right, Louella. Sounds like fun for you."

Lou's finger suddenly let go of the cigarette. She ground it out absently.

"Thanks heaps, Clarice," she said cautiously.

"We'll send your packages to the

dorm, dear. Have a good time!"

The noises were getting louder again. The cool voice was blurred.

Lou hung the receiver up slowly, and stared at the cigarette butt on the floor. She thought that her mother had said, "We'll miss you" before she left the phone, but she couldn't be sure with all that racket going on. Well, that had been easy. She was pretty lucky to have such modern parents.

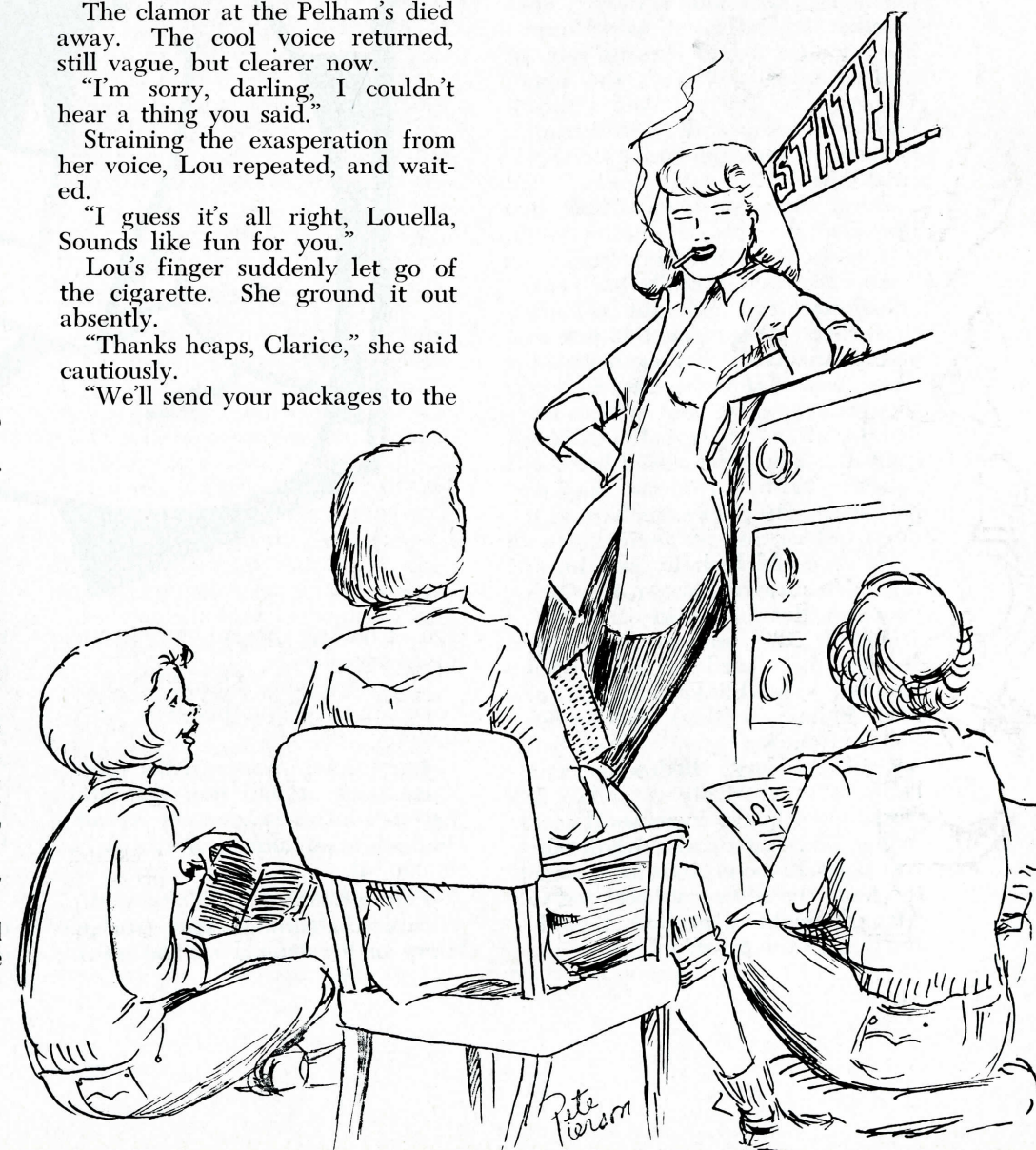
The air smelled wonderful outside the booth. She looked at the expectant faces, and smiled indulgently. The Sheep. They thought she was terrific.

"All set, kids!"

Amazement lit all their faces. They tried to picture themselves allowed a vacation away from home. Lou was sure lucky. She could do anything.

Lucky Lou sat down heavily, tacking an idle smile on her face. She was viciously twisting her hair

(Continued Page 20)



Tenth Anniversary

By Bill Dresser

It had been, Marge admitted, her idea to take this Great Lakes cruise; dear Harry really worked far too hard at that old office of his, and besides, tomorrow would be their tenth wedding anniversary and she felt that something a little special in the way of a celebration was justified, don't you think? "Ten years," she said, and sighed daintily. "I was twenty-six when we were married. Dear Harry had just turned twenty-eight."

"Pass," dear Harry said, and laid his cards face down on the table. It seemed to him it was getting horribly late.

She couldn't tell the Whites how pleased she was to have met them, Marge said. She had known the minute she'd seen them—this afternoon, wasn't it? —gracious, it seemed as if she'd known them for ages; really, for ages—as soon as she'd seen them that they were the kind of people she'd like to know. "I've always been a good judge of character," she said. "Why, I remember when I first met Harry. The moment I laid eyes on him I said to myself, 'There's the man I'm going to marry.' And I did." She simpered prettily. "Although, heavens, it took me three years to catch him."

Harry slumped down a little in his seat.

"One heart," Mr. White said.

And that was actually ten years ago, Marge said. Goodness, how time flew. Why, she felt just as young now as she had on her wedding day. "Harry's changed, though," she said, and smiled her little smile. "He's really getting quite fat, you know. And he's got a teensy bald spot on the back of his head. He combs his hair so it doesn't show, but it's there."

Harry could feel his ears burning. He cleared his throat. "It's your bid, dear," he said.

"Oh, is it? I'm sorry." Marge studied her cards. "Two diamonds." She blinked sweetly at Mr. White. "I think this cruise will be fun, don't you?" They had one of the large bedrooms, you know, with a private veranda. It wasn't the biggest room she'd seen in her life, but on the whole she was pleased. You should have seen the room the company had tried to pass off on them at first, though. Really, it wasn't *half* as big as the

one they had now. "I made Harry go right down to the purser and tell him it wasn't satisfactory," she said. "He didn't want to go, but, after all, we couldn't live in a crackerbox for four days." She crinkled her eyes. "Is your husband like that, Mrs. White? Sometimes I actually have to push Harry."

Mrs. White said that George generally did things without being pushed. "Two hearts," she said.

"Pass," Harry said. He didn't care for the Whites. He took a

for his health. Why, she'd had to hide his cigars. Now she let him smoke only four a day. "After all, a wife must look after her husband," she said.

"Double," said Mrs. White.

"Pass."

"Pass."

"Pass."

While they played the hand Marge told the Whites about her efforts to reform Harry. The silly boy had been quite naive when they'd first been married. He'd even wanted to go on a fishing trip



cigar from his pocket and began to unwrap it.

"Oh, must you, Harry?" Marge looked hurt. "You had one after dinner."

Harry slowly wrapped the cellophane back around the cigar and placed it in his inside coat pocket. He had been looking forward to smoking it.

"Four hearts," Mr. White said.

"Five diamonds," said Marge. Harry really smoked far too much

for their honeymoon. Could you imagine it? A honeymoon in the midst of the Canadian wilds, with all sorts of bugs, and sleeping in a tent? They finally went to the sea shore, to a cute little resort. "As a matter of fact, Harry's given up his hunting and fishing altogether," she said.

She went down three.

"I'm afraid I've been talking and talking," she said while Mr. White dealt the cards. "You must think

me a horrible chatterbox. Tell me about yourselves. How long have you been married?"

"Fourteen years," Mrs. White said.

"Why, that's even longer than we've been married. Tomorrow is our tenth anniversary, you know." She picked up her cards and carefully arranged them. "You got to know quite a lot about a person in ten years." In a way it took all the romance out of life.

"One spade," Mr. White said.

"I went down last time," Marge said. "I don't think I'll even bid. I'll pass." Yes, it was really rather silly, but she'd been quite a romantic young thing when she'd first married. She's been madly in love with Harry. She still was, of course. It was just that she was aware of his little weaknesses.

"Three spades," Mrs. White said.

She had succeeded in improving Harry somewhat, though, said Marge. For example, he let her buy his suits, now. And each evening he dried the dishes. It was really very nice of him. "There's no reason why men shouldn't help around the house," she said.

"Pass," Harry said. He wondered idly if he had dishpan hands.

"Four spades," Mr. White said.

"All things considered, I guess Harry's a pretty good husband," said Marge. "As I say, he has his faults, but then haven't we all?" She examined her cards, "I'll pass."

"Pass."

"Pass."

The Whites made their bid.

"I think bridge is such a bore, don't you?" Marge asked when the hand was over. "I mean, it gets monotonous after a while. But it does serve to pass the time. And of course it's more intellectual than poker." She smiled nicely. "Harry used to play poker a lot when we were first married, but he doesn't any more. I *have* improved his tastes, you see."

"Well, that ends the rubber," Mr. White said, marking the score. "Shall we play another?"

Marge looked at her watch. "Oh, goodness, no, it's after eleven." She smiled gaily. "Harry's and my bedtime."

"We'll see you in the morning, then," Mrs. White said. "Good-night."

"Night."

"I like the Whites, don't you?" Marge asked when she and Harry were in their room. She opened the outside door and stepped out onto the veranda. "My, but it's a cloudy night."

Harry went out and stood beside her. Dark clouds obscured the moon and stars. Below, the water foamed white as the ship moved forward.

"Marge—" Harry said.

She turned to him, lifted her face, and switched on her smile. "What is it, darling?"

"Well—nothing." Harry looked out at the choppy waters of the lake.

"You know, darling—" Marge's voice was faintly petulant—"I do wish you'd throw away that necktie. It looks awful on you."

Harry turned and looked at her. She stood gazing into the night, a short, placid-faced woman, just a trifle fat.

Ten years, Harry reflected.

Of course, there were the years ahead, too.

He clenched and unclenched his hands.

Suddenly he leaned forward and looked down at the water. "Is that a shark down there?" he asked.

"In Lake Erie, darling? Don't be silly." Marge leaned over the rail and looked down. "I don't see what you're talking about."

Marge didn't weigh very much, really. Harry pushed, there was a splash, and she was gone. As easily as that.

For some time Harry stood looking at the spot where she had disappeared. Finally he brought his cigar from his pocket, carefully removed the wrapper, and went inside to smoke before going to bed.

Sport Shorts

Many of the top sports writers of the nation disagree on rankings of the various teams, which is natural, and only time will tell which teams will be on top when the season draws to a close.

Last year CCNY, by going all the way in the National Invitation and N.C.A.A. tournaments, was generally acknowledged the No. 1 college basketball team in the nation. This year another sure-fire cage team will pace the hardwood courts for CCNY. Last year's team was predominantly a sophomore aggregation, so they should lead the nation again this year. And by a pre-season outlook they probably will go all the way again this year; however, beware of Bradley—they're not an outfit that will be easily beaten.

Adolph Rupp's Kentucky Wildcats is an aggregation that will be plenty tough to bring down, and close by are Western Kentucky

and Harold Anderson's Bowling Green team. North Carolina State, Brigham Young, Iowa, LIU, and Arizona are all indisputable contenders for the top ten teams of the nation. Of course, there are the usual dark-horses that are not to be left out of the picture. DePaul, Notre Dame, St. Johns, West Virginia, Beloit, and Princeton all stand in this category.

Among the top contenders for All-American honors will be Gene Melchiorre of Bradley, Ed Warner of CCNY, Bob Zawoluk of St. Johns, Sam Ranzino of North Carolina State, Bill Spivey of Kentucky, and Sherman White of LIU. It looks as if Gene Melchiorre is the man to beat for basketball star of the year. Most of the sports editors throughout the nation pick the 5'9" forward to represent a position on their pre-season All-American team. Melchiorre can hook the ball through the basket with either hand, is a master in the pivot and an artist in the use of various fakes to get loose.

City College coach Nat Holman calls Ed Warner the toughest "bucket-man" in intercollegiate basketball. It is nearly impossible to stop Warner when he gets under the basket. He's going to be a tough man to beat in anyone's league.

In the East, Bob Zawoluk of St. John's will probably hold top scoring honors. The 6'6½" laid hails from Brooklyn, N. Y., and is currently considered one of the best shotmakers in the game. His 65 points against St. Peters was the individual high for any major college star in a single game last year. He also topped 36 points in three different games last season, a feat achieved by no other collegian. Keep your eyes peeled on Bob Zawoluk. He's going places this year.

All in all, sports fans, it looks like a great winter season for athletics, so you football followers put away your raccoon coats and pen-nants for another year. This season promises to be the most thrilling for a long time.

"Pardon me," said the man to the blind beggar, "are all these five children yours? They look just like you."

"That's right," the beggar replied. "Do you feel it's right for a man in your position to bring all of these children into the world?"

The blind man shrugged and said: "Can I help it if I can't see what I'm doing?"

More Sinned Against

back down on the bed, his mouth opened to say something that had not come out. Jerry looked at his mother and his face brightened.

"Ma, I do know how. Mac showed me everything. I can do it just like him. I'll go to the movies tonight and come back with a hundred dollars. The crowd'll be big and Mac says that's the best. Can I, Ma? I know just how."

Ma looked down at him and pulled the cap off his curly hair. She thought of the meager food supply and the children on the floor. She looked across at her helpless husband, weeping on the bed. It was Christmas time and someone was singing "Silent Night, Holy Night, All is calm, all is bright."

"We'll see," she said.

Christmas Shopping

heart the seasonal favorite is an all purpose soldering iron with forty-five feet of rubberized cord. For the athletically-minded coed a season ticket to Sidney's varsity P.T. classes is just the thing. These may be purchased at the Capone Ticket Agency, situated at the rear of the fourth tier in the library. And if perchance you've been dating a freshman girl, six gross of filing cards for the Stone Hall stud file will be warmly welcomed. An appropriate item for all gals is a set of knitting needles accompanied by a complete book of instructions for turning out argyle sox.

For the females who are still trying to hook a man before Uncle Sam gets him, we have spared no effort in compiling a list guaranteed to bring results. A 1951 Olds convertible should more than fill the bill if you have designs on him as a junior executive in your dad's business. Something every man needs, the perennial favorite among men who care is that wonder of wonders, a sparkling new thermostatically-controlled Heatwave soldering iron. A meal ticket at Fox's for that young man with exceptional gustatory discrimination will also be gratefully remembered. If your boyfriend wants to get ahead in life, he is a natural for a two week's course in second story work. Also likely to prove helpful to this gentleman would be an accurate time table of the campus cop's rounds. A copy of your roommate's psych notes will greatly aid the potential Phi Bete in starting towards his goal. If he's the bothersome type that's

been hanging around too much, a fifty game ticket at Star Billiards should solve your problem. And if you still haven't found the right Christmas gift, a fifty year subscription to *Campus*, his favorite magazine, is certain to be a great big bundle of joy for any connoisseur of fine literature.

Additional copies of this guide may be purchased at the price of twenty-five cents per hundred while the supply lasts.

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Lost Christmas

when Penny Simmons bounced by, red curls and blue eyes sparkling at her date, her coloring enhanced by the blue cashmere sweater she was wearing. "Good shade for her," thought Lou. Then she sat stiff and straight. That was her cashmere, the one she never wore because the blue did something peculiar to her complexion. She narrowed her eyes.

Lou spoke coolly and carefully "Penny, the next time you take one of my sweaters, will you ask me first? I had wanted to wear this one myself today."

There. She had kept all malice out of her voice, she thought triumphantly. Penny flushed, and Lou smiled sweetly at her before turning her head slightly so that she could watch the Sheep. A flurry had passed through them again, and for a moment they looked at Penny and at themselves—but only for a moment. Then they giggled.

Lou re-read the part of her roommate note that said, "I knew you wouldn't mind if I let Penny take your sweater. She had an extra-special date, and the color really did things for her." Lou meticulously tore the note into little pieces.

Reflectively, she crunched on one of the cookies that Jody's mother had sent to her. Jody's big family were always doing nice things for each other. Love seemed to spill over from them to Jody, and from Jody to everyone else. Really, it was sickening, Lou thought. Thank goodness her parents didn't come running at the drop of a hat! Although, she mused, it would be nice if they came just once. Then she could take the Sheep for a drive in the long, black car. She

smiled gently, picturing the awe at Lou Pelham's nerve in their eyes. It was against school rules for a student to drive on campus, or she probably wouldn't bother at all.

It was 8 a.m. Lou's head felt as soggy as her worn-out toothbrush. She scrubbed vigorously, and made her customary morning adjustment from Louella Pelham, whose body ached for more sleep, to Lou Pelham, who could party harder and faster than anybody else, who always had a dozen people around her, who never got tired, or blue, or sick.

Jody was huddled in bed watching her. "Honestly, Lou," she said, "I don't see how you do it! Friday and Saturday nights you took one o'clocks, and now today you're going on an all day picnic with Rick. Aren't you dead?"

Lou's head throbbed. She said loudly, "I feel wonderful," and pulled on her jeans. She concentrated on the day ahead. It was obvious to her just exactly what was going to happen. Rick would have a little too much beer, and she would drink carefully to make it look like she, too, had had an overdose. Rick would begin to kiss her. She would let him for awhile—just long enough kisses to be interesting, but short enough to make him want more.

"Bye, Jody."

Lou injected excitement into her voice and into her mind. She slammed the door, leaving the party-weary Louella behind it.

The clammy iron of the fire-escape made ice-lumps on her feet, but she dared not put her shoes on. There! She was past the house-mother's room. Lou chuckled silently as she thought of what she was putting over on the pop-eyed old biddy. It was a good thing that the landing opened into the Sheeps' room. They'd never tell that Lou Pelham was twenty minutes late, or that she smelled frankly of beer. She needed to cling to the memory of Rick's last hard kiss, and his teasing words, "You're a brave girl, sweetheart," because Jody would try, in her earnest, funny little way to make her feel that she had done wrong.

The Sheep were dead to the world. Don't they ever go out, Lou wondered irritably. She inched cautiously under the raised window, and stepped onto one of the shaky desks. A book plopped to the floor. "Damn," said Lou. The Sheep were bolt upright in bed, hands to mouths.

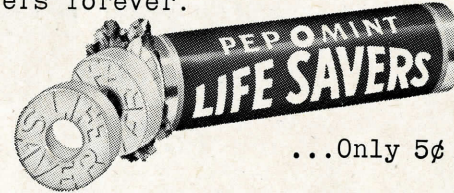
"Go back to sleep, kids" she

HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT JOHN ALDEN TOLD PRISCILLA



Marry me and I will promise you
Life Savers forever.



FREE! A box of LIFE SAVERS
for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?
For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

hissed. "And thanks for the open window. I partied too long."

As the door closed softly behind her, one of the Sheep switched on a bedlight. They all looked at each other and giggled. Wasn't Lou marvelous?

The dorm's first floor bore a remarkably resemblance to the baggage room of Grand Central Station. It looked like Christmas, with the gentle snow falling outside. It even smelled like Christmas, Lou reflected, wrinkling her nose at the pine and frost smells that drifted in the rapidly swinging doors. Everybody was leaving for home, and for their silly, never-changing Christmases. Candles and mistletoe, home-made candy and tree decorations, Christmas Eve church, and small tears and laughter, Lou thought disgustedly. But she was going to Rick's houseparty! She looked at her palms. A thin film of sweat shone in the bright light. "I'll go downtown for cigarettes," Lou decided. That was it! She would get the Sheep and go

would come, and there would be no more time to think. get cigarettes. After that, Rick

She ran upstairs as if she were running away from something. The Sheep weren't in their room. Slowly she walked to her own. At the door, she stopped, shocked. Jody had pulled down the blinds, and on her desk sat two fat candles, glowing softly. Jody's fingers were caressing her guitar, blending in with the voices singing Christmas Carols. Lou saw almost every face in the dorm, lit up not only by the candle-glow, but by and inner radiance. Imagine—Christmas Carols on a guitar! She tried not to laugh, but it spilled over into the room, silencing the music. They all turned to her inquiringly.

"You'd think you were all going to a funeral instead home for vacation," she hooted.

The faces hardened—stared—waited. Jody—the Sheep—she was surrounded by seeing eyes, hearing ears, lips parted as if to say—

KOREA

By JOSEPH KAYE

*Press the flesh against the dike of
remorse,
Tighten the armor on the heart too
feeling,
Bugle above the rumbling question,
Fling the colors before eyes
That see too much of Death and
Life.
Let there be monuments for moth-
ers,
And beatings for dissenters,
And when finally there is stillness
Where once there was the noise of
battle,
Communicate to the empty streets
at home
That the bitter silence at the front
Is mere pause for prayer.*

*He is lying in a ditch now.
He asked some question the other
day,
I answered quickly and moved on,
I can't remember—
He was standing then,
And had no hole along his side.
Now, in the ditch,
He has another question
Which I cannot answer,
Which I cannot forget.*

not "Isn't Lou a scream," but "Why doesn't Lou shut up?"

Lou's sardonic smile faded, but her cool, little voice betrayed no confusion as she looked hard at the Sheep and demanded, "Somebody feel like some fresh air? I'm going downtown for cigarettes."

It was very quiet. Somebody coughed. She stared at the Sheep. They stared back at her, and finally one of them said softly, "Some other time, Lou."

"Okay," said Lou shortly, and turned.

"Lou—" said Jody, but her words were clipped off by the bang of the door.

Lou stood quietly outside. Her eyes smarted. She had an insane impulse to run back inside, to let the candles glow on her face, to sing the traditional Christmas Carols. Lou Pelham didn't do things like that, she reminded herself.

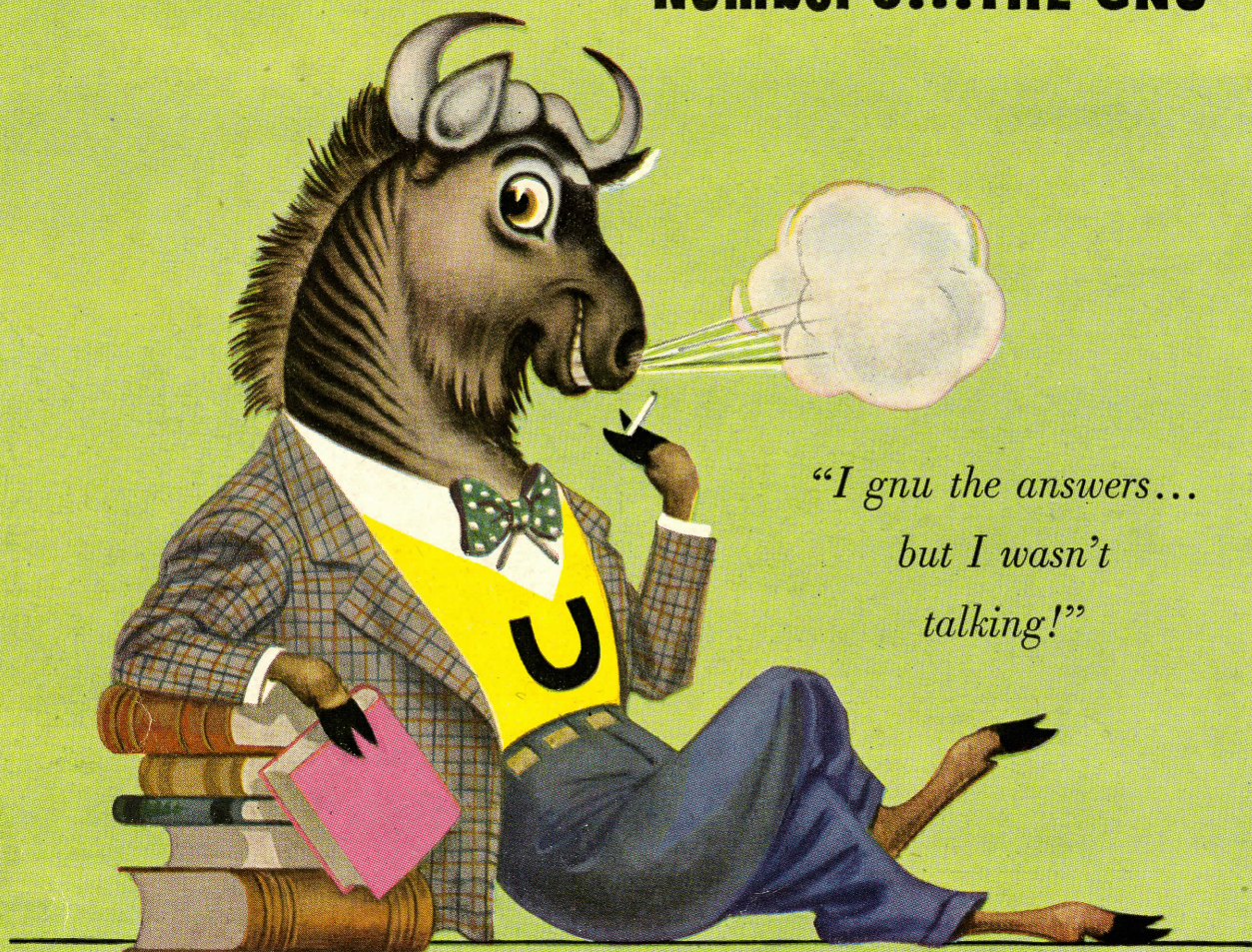
She mustn't cry! What if Rick should see her with red eyes.

But the knot in her stomach was too much too bear, and suddenly she was sobbing quietly, crouched behind the big can marked "WASTE." She thought of all the people she would be with in the next two weeks.

She had never been so lonely.

Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

Number 3...THE GNU



The debating team couldn't make much use of this non-talkative baby . . . but one look at his "literary leanings" tells you that tests don't buffalo him. 'Specially those tricky cigarette tests! As a smoker, you probably know, too, that one puff or one sniff — or a mere one-inhale comparison can't prove very much about a cigarette! Why not make the *sensible* test — the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test.

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